# I’m Starving, Darlin’

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# I’m Starving, Darlin’

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

Hannibal’s hungry and prefers to enjoy his favorite meal at his leisure.

“Oh, you’re such a good boy for me.”

Will squirms in his chair at the praise. He’s legs are tied open, exposing his already soaked folds to the cool air in the bedroom. Hannibal looking at Will as if he were his last meal. Hannibal kneels down between his spread legs. He checks the rope and makes sure it hasn’t tightened any more than necessary. Hannibal’s plan is simple: to enjoy what he likes to do and bring Will to a point where he can handle being over stimulated anymore.

Hannibal skims his nose along Will’s soft thigh, mouths gently until Will whines. Hannibal hooks his arms underneath Will and pulls him towards the edge of the chair. He dips that sinful tongue out and drags from his soaked hole up to his tiny cock. With gentle fingers, he exposes Will’s glands. He rubs his tongue flat against the ridge. Out of the corner of his eye, he watches as Will’s toes curl. Hannibal takes him fully into his mouth, sucks lazily on Will’s throbbing cock. Above him, Will tries to buck his hips, but the ropes keep him from doing so.k Will’s starting to tense, relax, tense again so he pauses his suck. He dips his head down to his dripping hole. He hums as he presses his tongue into Will.

“Hannibal!” Will groans, reaching down to grip soft greying hair.

Hannibal chuckles. He licks into Will hungrily. He further spreads Will open so he can easily watch his hole clench around his tongue as he works it as deep as he can. Will holds Hannibal’s head in place, trying desperately to rock back. Hannibal can’t breathe, and that’s fine with him. If he were to die, suffocating in Will’s warm, wet cunt is a wonderful way to go. He laps at his walls, humming as Will gushes more around his tongue.

Never has Hannibal ever enjoyed cunnilingus before Will. Before it was merely part of the transaction. Now it was something he wanted to do all the time, all day, all night. To lay between Will’s legs and devour him was the greatest honor Will could give him. He loves pressing his tongue into that always tight hole, loved to wrap his lips around his tiny cock and suckle. He knows Will would let him do it, too.

“Hannibal please,” Will groans. “Please suck my cock.”

How could he ignore such a wanton plea? Hannibal delves into his wet heat one more time before he drags his tongue up and over Will’s cock. Again, he presses back the hood. He laps away the exposed glands, reveling in the soft gasps Will makes each time. Hannibal would be lying if he said giving Will head didn’t turn him on. In fact, it had the exact opposite effect. His own cock throbbed, but that was irrelevant to him. Will had his full attention.

Will tries so, so hard to fuck up into Hannibal’s mouth when he closes his soft lips around him. Hannibal loves sucking Will’s little cock. He’s done it for hours before, and he loves the end result: Will’s cock swollen and throbbing, so over sensitive and sore that Will can’t stay still anymore. As he sucks, he flicks his tongue over the sensitive bundle of nerves. Will cries out, back arching. As Hannibal sucks, Will’s legs flex against the rope holding them open. He’s squirming so much that Hannibal has to hold him still.

“Be still, Will, or I will stop and leave you here dripping and unsatisfied.”

Will whimpers at the threat, but still, he replies with breathless sass. “You wouldn’t. You enjoy sucking me off too much to stop.”

Hannibal decides to ignore the truth in his comment, decides to suck hard and relentlessly. He presses his tongue agains Will’s throbbing cock and mimics swallowing. Will is quickly reduced to moaning mess. Both hands shoot down, gripping Hannibal’s soft, silvering hair tightly. Hannibal groans softly, slides his hands back down spread the man open more. Will’s body is tensing more and more the closer that he gets.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, please don’t stop!” Will begs as his head falls back against the chair.

His chest heaves and his stomach tenses, relaxes, tenses again. Will is so close; Hannibal can taste it. He glances up to look at Will. He’s looking up at the ceiling, but his eyes are glassy. His mouth hangs open as he tenses, squealing as his orgasm slams into him. The sounds he makes are inaudible as he tries to push Hannibal off, but the doctor is firm in his place. Will tries to close his legs, tries to squirm away from Hannibal’s mouth. This is the part that Hannibal loves the most. Will doesn’t actually want Hannibal to stop, despite the shoving, because he tries to fuck into his mouth again. After a while he takes pity, and he moves down to press his tongue into his leaking hole, lapping every bit of fluid.

Will sobs at the relentless torture. “You’re doing so good,” Hannibal praises in between broad strokes of his tongue over his hole.

Will cants his hips up the best he can, encouraging Hannibal to press his tongue back inside. He does. Hannibal loses himself in the taste of his boy. He’s lapping, sucking, fucking his hole with his tongue for God knows how long.  Will’s so sensitive, and Hannibal knows it. His legs shake under his grip on his thighs. The boy can’t take much more, but he won’t tap out, so when he finally satisfied his own need to taste Will,  he slowly sits up, watching at his spit mixed with Will’s fluid drips from his reddened hole. Blue eyes slowly come to focus, chest heaving as he gasps for air.

“Fuck, I’ll never get tired of you eating me out,” Will says.

“Oh? Did you want me to stop?” Hannibal teases, dipping his head down towards Will’s sensitive cunt.

Will tries to jerk away instantly. “Yes and no, but I really can’t take anymore. It started to hurt but I couldn’t get the word out. Feels like my brain is mush and I have wet noodles for legs.”

“Good. Relax and recoup, because I am still far from done with you.”

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